

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

VOL. V.

GLOBE, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1883.

NO. 50.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT is issued Saturday morning, at Globe, Gila County, Arizona.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One Year, Four Dollars; Six months, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; Three months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents—Invariably in Advance.
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MRS. J. H. HYNDMAN

and MISS MAGGIE CAMPBELL.

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Second. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

Third. If subscribers neglect to or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they have been directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.

Fourth. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former directions they are held responsible.

Fifth. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Sixth. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law a subscriber.

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How many swallows make a lark?

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The building lately occupied as a lodging house by Mrs. C. Mills. Apply to J. D. BREWSTER.

FOR SALE. A dwelling having three rooms elegantly situated. Price \$275. Apply to GEORGE H. AVERY, dec. 30th

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June 2nd

The Catastrophe of a Masher.

A tom-cat sat on a back-yard fence With an aching heart and a soul intense, Rugged out in style in every sense.

He sat alone in his faultless attire, And his bosom burned with a sacred fire As he watched for his love, his only desire— Maria.

He was musing upon his lonely lot, And said to himself, "She cometh not, What a terrible heartache I have got— Great Scott!

"How terribly lonesome I feel! How queer To be sitting alone with nobody near— Oh, how much I wish Maria was here— Mon Dieu!

"The thought of it fills me with horrible doubt— I should smile, I should blush, I should wait, I should shout, Just suppose some fellow had cut me out— Me-out!

"Ah, there she comes now, as soft a rat," But alas! he'd mistaken the soft pit-a-pat, His Maria was only a brother tom-cat— "How's that?"

Thought Tom No. 1 of Tom No. 2. But No. 2 bounced him without more ado, And suddenly both departed from view— Mew! Mew!

Oh, he fared it then for Tom No. 1. For as soon as the enemy's work was done Of all his fine raiment he left him none— Such fun!

Now, all you young mashers who dress with such care, The hearts of the gullest to slave and ensnare, You'd better remember this tale and beware— Take care.

Law in Relation to Newspapers.

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DECEMBER 11th

THE BAD BOY.

He Will Bring in Coal, but Draws the Line at Kindling Wood.

From Peck's Sun.

"I was down to the drug store this morning, and saw your ma buying a lot of court plaster, enough to make a shirt, I should think. What's she doing with so much court plaster?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came in and pulled off his boots by the stove and emptied out a lot of snow that had collected as he walked through a drift on the hearth, which melted and made a bad smell.

"O, I guess she is going to patch pa up so he will hold water. Pa's temper got him into the worst muss you ever see, last night. If that museum was here now they would hire pa and exhibit him as the tattooed man. I tell you, I have got too old to be manled as though I was a kid, and any man who attacks me from this out, wants to have his peace made with the insurance companies, and know that his calling and election is sure, because I am a bad man, and don't you forget it." And the boy pulled on his boots and looked so cross and desperate that the grocery man asked him if he wouldn't try a little new cider.

"Good heavens," said the grocery man, as the boy swallowed the cider, and his face resumed its natural look and the piratical frown disappeared with the cider. "You have not stabbed your father have you? I have feared that one thing would bring on another, with you, and that you would yet be hung."

"Naw, I haven't stabbed him. It was another cat that stabbed him. You see, pa wants me to do all the work around the house. The other day he bought a load of kindling wood, and told me to carry it into the basement. I have not been educated up to kindling wood, and I didn't do it. When supper time came, and pa found that I had not carried in the kindling wood, he had a hot box, and he told me if that wood was not in when he came back from the lodge, that he would warm my jacket. Well, I tried to hire some one to carry it in, and got a man to promise to come in the morning and carry it in and take his pay in groceries, and I was going to buy the groceries here and have them charged to pa. But that wouldn't help me out that night. I knew when pa came home he would search for me. So I slept in the back hall on a cot. But I didn't want pa to have all his trouble for nothing, so I borrowed an old tom cat that my chum's old maid aunt owns, and put the cat in my bed. I thought if pa came in my room after me, and found that by his unkindness that I had changed to a tom cat, he would be sorry. That is the biggest cat you ever see, and the worst fighter in our ward. It isn't afraid of anything, and can whip a New Foundland dog quicker than you could put a tin in a barrel of sugar. Well, about eleven o'clock I heard pa tumble over the kindling wood, and I knew by the remark he made, as the wood slid around under him, that there was going to be a cat fight real quick. He came up to ma's room and sounded ma as to whether Henery had retired to his virtuous couch. Pa is awful sarcastic when he tries to be.

"I could hear him take off his clothes, and hear him say, as he picked up a trunk strap, I guess I will go up to his room and watch the smile on his face as he dreams of angels. I yearn to press him to my aching bosom. I thought I would be the you won't years so much directly. He came upstairs, and I could hear him breathing hard. I looked out around the corner and could see he just had on his shirt and pants, and his suspenders were hanging down, and his bald head shone like a calcium light just before it explodes. Pa went in my room and up to the bed, and I could hear him say, 'Come out here and bring in that kindling wood, or I will start a fire on your base burner with this strap.' And then there was a yowling such as I never heard before, and pa said, 'Helen Blazes, and the furniture in my room began to fall around and break. O, my! I think pa took the tom cat right by the neck, the way he does me, and that left all the cat's feet free to get in their work. By the way the cat squalled as though it was being choked, I know pa had him by the neck. I suppose the cat thought pa was a whole flock of New Foundland dogs, and the cat had a record on dogs, and it kicked awful. Pa's shirt was no protection at all in a cat fight, and the cat just walked all around pa's stomach, and pa yelled 'police' and 'fire,' and 'turn on the hose,' and he called ma, and the cat yowled. If pa had had presence of mind enough to have dropped the cat, or rolled it up in the mattress, it would have been

all right, but a man always gets rattled in time of danger, and he held onto the cat and started down stairs yelling murder, and he met ma coming up. I guess ma's night cap, or something, frightened the cat some more, cause he stabbed ma on the night-shirt with one hind foot, and ma said 'mercy on us,' and she went back, and pa stumbled on a hand-sled that was on the stairs, and they all fell down, and the cat got away and went down in the coal bin and yowled all night. Pa and ma went into their room, and I guess they anointed themselves with vasiline and Pond's extract, and I went and got into my bed, cause it was cold out in the hall, and the cat had warmed my bed as well as it had warmed pa. It was all I could do to go to sleep, with pa and ma talking all night, and this morning I came down the back stairs and haven't been to breakfast, cause I don't want to see pa when he is vexed. You let the man that carries in the kindling wood have six shillings worth of groceries and charge them to pa. I have passed the kindling wood period in a boy's life, and have arrived at the coal period. I will carry in coal, but I draw the line at kindling wood."

"Well, you are a cruel, bad boy," said the grocery man, as he went to the book and charged the six shillings.

"O, I don't know. I think pa is cruel. A man who will take a poor kitty by the neck, that hasn't done any harm, and tries to chastise the poor thing with a trunk strap, ought to be looked after by the humane society. And if it is cruel to take a cat by the neck, how much more cruel is it to take a boy by the neck, that had diphtheria only a few years ago and whose throat is tender. Say, I guess I will accept your invitation to take breakfast with you," and the boy cut off a piece of bologna and helped himself to the crackers, and while the grocery man was out shovelling off the snow from the sidewalk, the boy filled his pockets with raisins and loaf sugar, and then went out to watch the man carry in his kindling wood.

Tom Murphy's Pole Cat.

From the Silver City Enterprise.

A tomato can containing some scraps of head cheese, bacon and "sich" at Paschal last Tuesday attracted the inquisitive eye of a pole cat, who, after inspecting the light lunch critically, thrust his head into the can. The circus commenced as soon as he found he could not retire without the tinware, and after a few minutes' delay around the Paschal hotel, where his command to the inmates to clear the doors, windows, etc., was immediately complied with, he started for the smelter and ran among the men employed about the water-jacket, and after traveling blindly around among the hot slag pots, standing on his head in the can and butting against everything in reach, he uttered a muffled howl, together with other outbreaks which effectually satisfied everybody of his presence. But the kind-hearted smelter men made no attempt to extricate the cat from his perilous position; on the contrary were scattering to the hills tops and other places of safety, giving Mr. Ca. the quiet, peaceable and undisputed possession of the smelter, as well as the water-jacket. The racket, however, was not kept up long before an untamed Irishman, who at the first alarm had completely hidden himself in one of his long boots, cautiously emerged from his "hole" hiding place and with a Phoenix-park-assassination sort of smile, caught the animal a crack over the head with his shillalah, and earned the "knacker," as well as the eternal gratitude of his companions. Tom Murphy says that "as that skunk ran the water-jacket the quickest time on record, he shall give up smelting and retire to the San Carlos reservation and start a society for the propagation of pole-cats."

Not Wanted.

A leading New York bookseller states that the sale of the Revised New Testament is so small as scarcely to be mentioned. He says: "When the popular curiosity was satisfied the sale stopped as if by magic. During the last month we sold perhaps five or six hundred copies of the authorized edition of the New Testament, and not more than half a dozen copies of the revised version. The sudden failure of the work, so to speak, has been a severe blow to many of the leading publishers. Some twenty-five or thirty editions have been issued, at the expense of several hundred thousand dollars. Judging by the present sale of the New Testament revision, the American publishers will be few who will undertake to spend money in the issue of revised editions of the Revised Testament." Rev. Dr. Schaaf, chairman of the revision committee, said that about 3,000,000 copies had been sold, which was not small for the new edition of an old work. A generation hence the new edition would displace the authorized version.

A Show Man Exasperated.

A traveling theatre manager in a small town out west was taking tickets at the door, when a man appeared with a violin case in his hand, and said he belonged to the orchestra. He was passed in. Another chap appeared with a fiddle-box and went into the house. At brief intervals fiddlers after fiddler appeared and entered. The manager became suspicious. He took a look inside. There was not a soul in the orchestra except an old pianist; but he saw the last fiddler passing a violin case out at a window, opening an alley, to take the violin to a date for admission. His many of the bogus violinists as could be picked out were bounced. Another fine-looking man approached with a richly-dressed woman, for whom he bought a ticket. In about half an hour he returned with three umbrellas under his arms. "Is the show over?" he inquired. "No." "How long?" "Two hours." "Indeed? Well, I've come to take my wife home. You've no objections to my stepping inside until the performance concludes?" "You can't go in," said the manager. "Why not?" "I'm waiting for my wife." "Can't help that. You must buy a ticket." "It is outrageous that I cannot stand inside to wait for my wife." "You can't work that umbrella racket on me," said the manager. "You just wait till I let my wife go to see your damned old show again." With this crushing retort on his lips the man departed with his umbrellas. The moon shone brightly all the time.—Detroit Free Press.

A Negro Camp Meeting.

Aunt Thisbe, one of the devout worshippers, told me all about the proceedings: "We done hold pray' meeting from 9 till 12, and den us had silent pray'."

"'Twasn't very silent," interrupted Aunt Thisbe's nephew, who worries along through life under the name of Sumpter Abenednego Paris White.

"You close up, you little nigger," Aunt Thisbe continued: "it was still about five o'clock."

Hapshe she 'glory'd, an' dat set 'em all wild shoutin', and de fust thing we done small de coffee bilin' ovah."

"Coffee?" I queried.

"Ye'h. You know after midnight we hab preachin' till 2, den 'spierences till fo', den we hab de big eatin', an' de coffee was a-bilin' fer dat in de first place we had builded."